

The Critic

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Literature

Sir Edwin Arnold's Poems*

HOW NARROWLY a man can escape being a man of genius, how near he can come to the brink of genius without 'pitching over,' all the readers of Edwin Arnold and 'Owen Meredith' know full well. The European galleries are full of lovely paintings under the taking title 'school of Raphael,' 'school of Titian' or 'Tintoretto.' The galleries of poetry are full of idylls and elegies, tragedies and roundels similarly dubbed 'school of Chaucer' or of 'Shelley,' of 'Herrick,' or of 'Keats'—imitations so near the originals that were the latter lost, as is the case with the comedies of Menander, the imitation might readily supplant the archetype, and Molière might overshadow Plautus as Plautus grew out of and overshadowed the lost Menander. So in this latter day we have lovely and accomplished verse-writers whose divine technique clothes them with so radiant a poetic garment that it dazzles the untrained eye and produces the effect of originality on the seer or reader.

Sir Edwin Arnold is one of these admirable artists. Were the Mahābhārata lost or the Sanskrit idyll of Gīta Govinda buried in the Bhāgavata never to be exhumed, or the beauty of the 'Great Renunciation' plunged irrecoverably in the vowel-and-consonant jungle of the 'Mahābhinish-Kramana,' Sir Edwin Arnold's versions of these immortal Indian masterpieces would still be radiantly alive to take their place, reproduce their resplendence, fill our thought and memory with the light and grace of Indian metaphor, and make us wonder at the jungle-like luxuriance and fertility of Indian intellectual soil. In his 'Song of Songs' he transferred most successfully to English climes the subtle and beautiful principles of Hindu theology. In 'The Light of Asia' he told the story and displayed the rich wares and gentle and far-reaching doctrines of the great Hindu prince who founded Buddhism. In the 'Pearls of the Faith' he brings us an urnful of the thoughts and beliefs of the noble prophet of Arabia and his followers, each pearl polished to emery-like brilliancy and strung together on a strand bearing the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allāh. In the 'Song Celestial' he plunges again into the marvellous waters—opaque yet phosphorescent—of Eastern mysticism and draws again a miraculous draught of fishes from the Brahman fountain of all faiths—the Mahābhārata. So striking is the parallelism between its teachings and those of the New Testament that a controversy has arisen between Pandits and missionaries on the point whether the author borrowed from Christian sources, or the Evangelists and Apostles from him. The Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyana are the Iliad and Odyssey of Hindustan,—more than this, the Brahman Bible, for if a man reads the former and has faith in its doctrines, he is free from all sin, and ascends to heaven after his death. Hence its astounding popularity in the East, and hence Sir Edwin's recurrence to it in 1883, when he translated from its 220,000 lines a series of graceful and authentic 'Indian

Idylls.' On these followed 'Lotus and Jewel,' original poems susurrant of Oriental imagery and life, wherein
The warm blue Indian air

With painted cupola

enveloped everything in its hallucinative haze. In 1888 followed 'With Sa'di in the Garden,' a wonderfully poetic transmutation of Persian gold—the 'Ishk' of the 'Bostān' of the Persian Sa'di—into English silver, with love as its theme and the crescents and cupolas of the Taj Mahal as background. Interleaved amid this vast expenditure of vital and poetic force are innumerable translations from the Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish, Sanskrit, all roofed in

Under the zigzagged cream-and-rosy roof

of two plethoric volumes fairly bursting with their contents as a ripe pomegranate does with its rosy seed. A beautiful talent: rich, various, copious, diligent. We enter the temple it has enshrined itself in thankfully, and we look round its circumambient spaces with delighted awe; and yet, we say, it is not that 'temple not made with hands'—unmistakable genius,—it is a human erection.

Vol. IX. of the Stedman-Hutchinson Library*

VOLUME IX. of the 'Library of American Literature,' edited by Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson, contains a large proportion of selections from living authors. As in the former volumes of the series, the ground covered is as wide as that very elastic word 'literature' can be stretched over. Science, philosophy, theology, criticism, poetry, journalism, even the 'funny' column—all are represented. We are not sure but that some of the contents should be placed in the category—though obsolete—of *Belles Lettres*. It is evident that the publication will be, when finished, what we presume it should be—a pretty complete index or catalogue of American authors, with samples of their work, by the aid of which one may pick out of the crowd those with whom he may desire further intercourse. The fault of most compilations of the sort—that they impose, in an undue degree, the choice of the editors on the reader—has, it appears, been carefully avoided. Thus, in the mass of writing relating to the Civil War, there is a large share of official and newspaper reports. We have college commencement addresses and 'leading articles.' We have Mr. Ingersoll, as an art critic, judging Michael Angelo's 'grotesque and somewhat vulgar Day of Judgment,' and as a moralist assuring us that 'Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities.' We do not believe that all of these selections represent the editor's own private choice of reading; nevertheless, we recognize the wisdom of their insertion. The rule of 'nought but the best' will not do in reading any more than in feeding: a certain amount of innutritious matter must pass through the system, that what is valuable may be retained and assimilated.

And there is, indeed, a very fine allowance of nourishing stuff. No one needs actually pine for want of good literature while he has a slice of cold Howells, or Stockton, or Burroughs by him, unread. For condiments and dessert are there not Aldrich, and Piatt, and James Abbott McNeil Whistler? Hubert Howe Bancroft relates 'How They Found the Pacific Gold'; William Douglas O'Connor tells 'The Pretty Pass Things Came To.' Of Dr. Horace Howard Furness there is the suggestive essay on the use of double time by Æschylus and Shakespeare. George E. Waring, Jr., has a delightful tale of the Bull's Head Inn, and a black mare rescued from misery and disgrace to be an ornament to Central Park in its earliest stages, and to render distinguished services in the War. Here is Chauncey Mitchell Depew on 'The American Idea,' and George Arnold (in rhyme) on 'Beer.' Horace White describes 'The Great Chicago Fire,' and Charles Henry Webb sings 'The Lay of Daniel Drew.' 'O Soft Spring Airs!' sighs Harriet Pres-

* Edwin Arnold's Poetical Works. 2 vols. \$4. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* A Library of American Literature. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Vol. IX. \$3. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

cott Spofford; Louise Chandler Moulton cries out 'Afar!'; and 'The Old Story' is once more re-told by Mary Emily Bradley. William Walter Phelps propounds a 'Theory of American Panics.' A good story to read about bedtime is Edward Greey's 'Legend of the Golden Lotus'; and we may wind up, as the volume does, with Mary Clemmer Hudson's 'Good-Night.' The portraits on steel are of Theodore Winthrop and William Dean Howells; among those on wood are H. H. Bancroft, William Winter, Celia Thaxter, White-law Reid, Edward Eggleston, Mary Mapes Dodge and Frank R. Stockton. Two more volumes (one of which has just appeared) will complete the publication.

Rawlinson's History of Phœnicia*

IN HIS seventy-fifth year, and at the end of his labors as the Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, Prof. George Rawlinson concludes, as he tells us, his long list of historical publications, with an admirable history of the land which we traditionally associate with the origin of alphabetic writing. Those familiar with his style and method will find in this volume the graces and defects, excellences and positive faults characteristic of him. As a compiler, he is clear, straightforward, positive, and even dogmatic. While he charms with his affluence of scholarship and illustrative matter, he is apt to vitiate his work by a polemic temper that does not rightly belong to a historian and which an inquirer for truth resents. As notably in his book on Egypt, he sometimes ignores whole lines of special research when not familiar with their processes and results. He is so intent upon being conservative and orthodox, that his very positiveness starts the latent skepticism which other writers of more tact would keep dormant. He is a little too anxious in all his writing to vindicate the traditional interpretation of the Bible, and occasionally one feels that the ark has received finger-marks when there was no danger of its tumbling. Nevertheless, we cannot but feel grateful for those positive prints of over thirty years of historical investigation, which he has already given us.

In the handsome book now on our table, which, except his smaller volume in the *Stories of the Nations*, has had hardly a predecessor for 'nearly a half-century,' Canon Rawlinson has collected and arranged for us pretty much all that is known of the Land of Palms, except that in linguistic science there is probably much to be said. With a characteristic desire to have the last word, however, the Canon intimates in his preface that the researches now being carried on in Cyprus, while likely to add to our knowledge of art and archæology, will 'not seriously affect the verdict already delivered by competent judges on those subjects.' Possibly not! As a geographical entity, Phœnicia consisted of a narrow strip, not twenty miles wide and as long as Portugal, on the coast-line of Syria; but the red line of its influence brightened the map of the ancient world over half of Cyprus, a third of Sardinia, a fifth of the Iberian peninsula, and made a horizon of light on the northern rim of the dark continent through thirty degrees of longitude, besides covering the Balearic Isles, and kindling many a point of splendor in the Mediterranean and on the connecting seas. All that can at present be known of these settlers, traders and colonists—their aims, enterprises, art, manufactures, ships, commerce, mining, religion, dress, ornaments and social habits—here clearly digested for us. The strongest chapter and the longest, in eight sections, treats of the political history of Phœnicia; and this is in some respects the most interesting part of the book. A list of authors and editors is given at the end. There are two maps, a good index, and 132 illustrations. The binding is that of the best English sort, which we could wish were oftener imitated in this country. The volume lies easily open and is eminently usable. In a word we have here a book which every good library of reference should have. With such a museum of art as New York or Boston possesses, what an enjoyable winter could be

spent by a reading-class over this fascinating product of conscientious scholarship.

"Our Asiatic Cousins"*

IN 'OUR ASIATIC COUSINS,' Mrs. Leonowens, the well-known author of a book of personal recollections of life in Siam, treats of the many nations of Asia. She begins in Hindustan, and tells us of our fellow-Aryans in two chapters. Between the Parsees, or fire-worshippers, and the Phœnicians she inserts a description of the Egyptians, who lived in Africa. The Hebrews, Arabs, Chinese, Tibetans, Coreans, Japanese, Malays, Cambodians, Burmese and Siamese, are described in detail; and the summary of their habitat and history is very readable. Mrs. Leonowens has given us the substance of a whole library, and her book will make, for young readers, a good introduction to the noble study of comparative ethnology. The fifteen chapters are filled with reliable bits of information, and the unhackneyed style of the author is a strong recommendation. Nevertheless, there is such a language as English, and why the author prefers to write 'the T'sing, T'song, T'sue' (which reminds us of 'sing a song a sixpence,' etc.) for Chinese, Ibn il Areib for the Arabs, Seit-eish-ieu for Japan, and three other verbal monstrosities for Malays, Cambodians and Siamese, we cannot tell. Would she have us master the mysteries of the Chinese tone, the archaisms of seventeenth-century Japanese, the purisms of Cambodian and Siamese savants? Then, pray, let us not have them filtered to us from the pages of French and German authors. Some specimens of this hideous cacography look like sheep that have been driven through thickets, with much of their own wool torn off, and all sorts of burrs, brambles, burdocks and other *extraneæ* on them. Nevertheless, the book as a whole is a good one, its matter is generally accurate, print and binding are fair, and there are nineteen illustrations.

"7000 Words Often Mispronounced"†

THE IDEA of this little work is excellent, compressing in a nutshell the numberless 'catch-words' about which people are continually bothered and which they are continually throwing up to their literary friends with a 'How do you pronounce this? Mr. So-and-So pronounces it thus.' Mr. Phyfe has industriously gone to his dictionaries (Worcester, Webster, Imperial, Stormonth, Haldeman, Lippincott's Gazetteer, with a spice of Smart, Walker, Jamieson, and Sheridan), and has extracted from their wildering pages all the troublesome words he could lay his hands on; he has sifted them, massed them alphabetically, and by diacritical marks suggested how they are or ought to be pronounced. Among the number are 2500 proper names about whose orthography and pronunciation ladies' journals and gentlemen's quiz-clubs are incessantly quarrelling; such words as *Berkeley*, *Turgeneff* (the one of the 15 ways in which the great Russian's name is spelt preferred by Webster and Mr. Phyfe), *Tyndale*, *Versailles*, and the like. Whether Mr. Phyfe is right in all the cases in which he attempts to represent phonetically the vagaries of foreign pronunciation, he at least gives an intelligible account of each word selected, often accompanied by a reference or a quotation helpful to the seeker after truth. In several cases, however, he is distinctly wrong, as where, for example, he divides *vi-kîng*, thus destroying the identity of the word and suggesting a false etymology; *Bartholdi* is pronounced (he says) Bär-töl-de, stressing the middle syllable; *Aristogiton* is pronounced (he tells us) with *g* like soft *j*; etc.; and there is a wrong suggestion in *Päs-tum* as the pronunciation of *Pastum*. On the whole, however, there is very helpful utilization of the authorities in this book, which will doubtless secure it a wide popularity. Hamlet's 'words, words, words,' will now be limited to 7000 only.

* Our Asiatic Cousins. By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

† 7000 Words Often Mispronounced. By W. H. P. Phyfe. \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* History of Phœnicia. By George Rawlinson. \$6. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The Essentials of Method"*

PROF. DE GARMO of the Illinois State Normal University points out that the proper stages in the presentation of each new subject to the child's mind are (1) the taking in (or the reviving in memory) of individual notions, (2) the transition from the individual to the general (classes, rules, principles, maxims, etc.), (3) the return from the general notion to new fields of particulars. The method is, in fact, essential, and the author sets it out with well-trained powers of persuasion and with good examples for illustration. His theoretical basis, however, one feels some doubt of when one sees him mistranslating a passage from Wundt, and hence giving a wholly erroneous idea of the sense (by far the most useful sense) in which Wundt uses the term *apperception*. This doubt is confirmed by finding that the author does not understand either the meaning or the value of the identical proposition, that he thinks the predicate of a proposition is more complete than the subject, both in intent and in extent, and that he takes a very erroneous view of induction. It is not the mere loose lying-together in the mind of two qualities—for instance, long ears and a peculiar noise—that would ever induce us to say, 'All long-eared animals bray.' Induction means the derivation of universal propositions from our experience, which always comes to us in particulars, but it is the *establishment* of the proposition which constitutes the gist of the matter, and which needs elucidation, and not the perception of the accidental loose collocation. Our minds would forever wander in vague fields of ignorance if we were content to let them dwell upon the thousand loose collocations that meet us every day. It is the touchstone which we employ for discriminating between the accidental and the non-accidental which is the thing to be explained in an explanation of induction. The perceiving of the collocation is an important preliminary, but to call that the Induction is to darken knowledge. It is important to point out this error, because it seems that its sponsor is Dr. Wm. T. Harris (*Illinois School Journal*, 1888-9).

Brooklyn Contributions to Washingtoniana †

A DECIDEDLY valuable addition to the literature relating to George Washington is the volume published by the Long Island Historical Society, with the title 'George Washington and Mount Vernon' (1). It is a collection of Washington's unpublished agricultural and personal letters, written chiefly from Philadelphia, from 1793 to 1799, when that city was the national Capital, and the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon was President of the little republic that lay along the Atlantic. The main part of the publication consists of 127 Washington manuscripts, which Edward Everett bought from the family of the farm-manager, William Pearce, and which, through the late James Carson Brevoort, reached the Society. Mr. Moncure D. Conway has prefixed an introduction of ninety-two pages, full of appetizing information served up as only a good literary cook can set forth things new and old. In this introduction and appendix, good use is made of other manuscripts of the President. The book is well printed and indexed, and contains two portraits. One need not expect to find much that is new in scientific agriculture in this book, but its value, as another of the many aids now accessible, for studying the actual character of one of the great men of all time, is apparent. How Thackeray would have enjoyed looking at this reprint—as he may possibly have seen the originals, or transcripts from them—before writing 'Henry Esmond.'

Mr. Paul L. Ford of Brooklyn has privately printed five hundred copies of a very interesting brochure (2) entitled 'Washington as an Employer and Importer of Labor.' To the letters he prefixes a valuable introduction, besides supplying luminous foot-notes throughout. The Father of His

Country (a title given him, by the way, by the Pennsylvania Germans) encouraged the importation of the Palatinates who fled from Germany to find peace and comfort in the American colonies, and a number of these worthy and honest people were employed in various capacities by the owner of the Mount Vernon plantation. Evidently the Germans of Pennsylvania impressed the unselfish Washington much more pleasantly than they did Benjamin Franklin, who coined so many dollars out of their patronage, and yet was jealous because they persisted in having printing-presses and newspapers of their own. Besides having a body-guard, during the Revolution, composed of Germans, his coachman in Philadelphia was also a German. By his knowledge of their character and deft use of his 'baker general,' who was a Philadelphia German, Washington devastated the ranks of King George's Hessians more than with balls and bayonets. Mr. Ford's handsomely printed pamphlet contains seventy-eight pages of wide-margined thick paper, and is of great interest to the antiquarian, labor-expert, political economist, and student of American history.

Miss Woolson's "Jupiter Lights."*

'JUPITER LIGHTS'—there are two of them: one on a South Carolina island, one in Lake Superior—might be extinguished and abandoned, and Miss Woolson's novel would be but little the loser. Their only use in the story is, by identity of name, to bring together two widely separated and dissimilar scenes. The tale opens on one of the long keys or islets that protect the 'inland route' from Savannah southward. Before the War they grew cotton on these islands; now, the Negroes having left, they are returning to a state of nature. The planter's houses are falling into decay, and the old families are sharing the fate of their old mansions. The processes of ruin are in full operation, and there is no building up. From these scenes of genteel dissolution, a catastrophe, long in preparation, hurries the most important personages of the story northward to the rough, crude, growing settlement of Port au Pins, or Potterpins as the inhabitants call it. The consequences entailed by the catastrophe here work themselves out; and here the reader makes the acquaintance of the only wholly natural and interesting character in the novel—the one who, in any sensible dramatization of the story, for instance, would become the part for the leading actor to play. He is the contemplative Western Yankee who passes his life in study and reflection on the great problem of the age—how to get on—while others are practically solving it all around him. He is only moved to activity when his neighbors' interests require it; or when, after a long 'spell' of meditative ease, it becomes necessary to earn a little money. In the present case, he falls in love with the heroine and immediate cause of the catastrophe, who bestows her heart and hand on his bosom friend. He consoles himself, in a Port au Pins restaurant, with a lavish dinner of 'patty de fougarr' with champagne and 'lickoors,' with the music of a Tyrolese band and the conversation of Katty, the waiter-girl; then settles his balance at the bank (\$800) on the little nephew of his charmer, goes farther West, and vanishes from the story. The book throughout shows strength, but with a tendency to the morbid. One of the characters has homicidal impulses when drunk; another, his wife, is subject to fits of insanity; the heroine is gloomy and incomprehensible, and her successful lover a respectable piece of machinery. But most of the minor characters are well sketched and amusing.

THE Writers' Publishing Co. announce the 'New York State Directory of City and County School Superintendents; Principals of High Schools, Graded Schools, Academies and Normal Schools; with a carefully selected list of prominent District Teachers; and a Complete List of Public Libraries.'

* Jupiter Lights. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Bros.

* The Essentials of Method. By C. De Garmo. 50 cts. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

† 1. George Washington and Mt. Vernon. Edited by M. D. Conway. Brooklyn: Long Island Historical Society. 2. Washington as an Employer and Importer of Labor. By Paul L. Ford. \$2. Brooklyn: Paul L. Ford.

A Package of Theological Books

REV. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D., the author of 'Whither?' is a dangerous man in theology and literature, for he makes the one subject so humanly interesting as to almost draw away readers from lighter subjects. His address on 'Biblical History' at the opening of the Union Theological Seminary in September was, fortunately for all who wanted to get hold of it, misreported in the newspapers. A demand instantly arose for the lecture, and now we have it in good clean print. It epitomizes the consensus of scholarship as to the formation of the Old Testament: Prof. Briggs justifies the Higher Criticism, and shows its splendid results in having demonstrated the fourfold method of Biblical composition. In this little pamphlet the ordinary reader can get the pith of stacks of the controversial literature of two generations of scholars. Curiously enough, yet truly as Dr. Briggs states it, the United States of America is still the stronghold of ultra-conservatism on the subject of the Higher Criticism. He believes that the unanimity in theory and results reached by a century of scholarship in a difficult field is marvellous. (30 cts. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—THE GLORIOUS HOST of 'the King's Daughters' now number so many of the women and maidens of our country, that the silver cross and purple ribbon are as omnipresent and familiar as are pleasant faces. Among the semi-literary articles for wall or desk which taste and piety are beginning to multiply, the 'King's Daughters Diary' has come to our notice. It is 'A Journal of Religious Themes, Meditations and Incidents,' by Adeline B. Avery and Julie E. Finch. It will suit any year, as the Saxon heathen names of week days are omitted, and only the Roman month names and numerals used. The blank page for each day is headed by a prose or poetical extract from devotional or Biblical literature, and for the threshold of each month is a poem. We observe that the booklet of this newest of religious societies is published by the oldest printing book-publishing firm, as we believe, in the country. (Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Co.)

DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS, himself a man of large commonsense and of a Christian charity so broad as to include the Jewish Rabbi Gottheil and the Christian Bishop Potter in his dedication, is eminently fitted to be the expositor of James. His little volume is too bright to be dubbed a commentary. It crackles in every one of its dozen chapters with wit and point, with note and illustration, and is thoroughly out of the ruts as to style and method. The pastor of the Church of the Strangers entitles his book, 'The Gospel of Commonsense, as Contained in the Canonical Epistle of James.' The teachings of no other book of the New Testament need so much to be studied and practiced by the Christian church as this beautiful Gospel. By his fresh and vigorous treatment of his text, Dr. Deems has done good service. He has entered thoroughly into the spirit of this most practical of the twelve Missionaries, or Apostles, to whom Jesus gave the publishing of his secret and message. (\$1.50. Wilbur B. Ketcham.)—THERE is always room for a volume of good sermons on the Lord's Prayer, and when these are fresh and stimulating to faith and devotion, they are especially welcome. The late Rev. P. H. Newnham, an English clergyman, preached fourteen sermons on the model prayer, which his widow has selected for a memorial volume, with a preface by the well-known novelist Edna Lyall. In the brief formula taught His disciple by Jesus, Mr. Newnham saw seed-thoughts which in his own richly-furnished mind have yielded a rich and edifying harvest. 'Our Father-Educator' is an especially suggestive discourse, and that on 'The Evil' has value as exegesis, as well as commentary. Eight 'ten-minute sermons' added make this volume a good companion for serious hours. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

TO SECURE a more thorough preparation on the part of teachers for their work in the Sunday-school, Bishop John H. Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church—the father of the Chautauqua scheme—has published a manual entitled 'The Church-School and the Sunday-School Normal Guide.' The volume is an outgrowth of long experience and much writing on the subject, so that in its present form it represents the possessions of the wise householder who brings forth things old and new. It is just the sort of book which the minister, superintendent and teacher needs, for it combines history and pedagogics. The pastor will be a successful leader who masters it, the Sunday-school officer a better manager, and the teacher a more inspiring instructor. All know the tendency of the foolish virgin to go before her class without oil in her vessel, with the inevitable result of her being in outer darkness before the half-hour is over. Let the average teacher whose lamp so speedily flickers and expires get hold of this excellent book, and improve both ideal and practice as a guide to the little folks. To enumerate all the details of the book is needless; briefly stated, it is a pocket Chautauqua. We especially commend

the ingenious chapter entitled 'The Palestine Class.' There is a good index. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)—REV. JESSE L. HURLBUT, D.D., who has done some capital work in preparing manuals for the study of the Bible in Sunday-schools has added to his good reputation by his 'Studies in the Four Gospels.' It is a pamphlet of eighty pages crammed with facts lucidly expressed, and reduced to the last degree of condensation. He outlines the life of the Christ, writes in a pithy sentence the biography of each of the Disciples, and characterizes, by a telling phrase or luminous adjective, each place, person, and event noted in the fourfold story. Many a page sparkles with bright and lively comment and epigrammatic description. For a few hours' reading or for prolonged study, the little handbook is equally interesting and useful. (25 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)

D. APPLETON & CO. have thought it worth while to reprint from the English reviews the controversial papers on 'Christianity and Agnosticism' of Wace, Huxley, Mallock, Mrs. Ward, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The ball which started the avalanche was a paper on agnosticism read at the Manchester Church Congress in 1888 by the Rev. Henry Wace, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, and the final word (shall we say 'of course?') is by a woman, the author of 'Robert Elsmere.' We cannot find that it is in any sense a controversy between science and religion—if, indeed, there be any ground for such,—but chiefly a fusillade of cross-firings on much that is of purely verbal or personal interest. We are impressed with the evident determination of the debaters to misunderstand each other, and the not over-manifest desire to get at what lies at the bottom of the well. The book is calculated to keep alive the absurd notion that religion and science need to be reconciled; but to debaters and lecturers on theological or anti-theological topics, and to the average editor of the sectarian newspapers, its value is manifest. Those who seek truth through controversy may also receive much help from it. (30 cts.)

TO TELL FRESHLY an old story requires skill and taste, if not genius; and this is what Mr. William Forbes Cooley has done in his book entitled 'Emmanuel, the Story of the Messiah.' Supplying such cement as a critical student of history and archæology could furnish, Mr. Cooley has, in the very words of the English version of the Gospels, told a surprisingly fresh story of the life of Jesus. His book, which fills, without any waste in verbiage, five hundred or more pages, is not a historical novel or a critical biography of the Christ; for the thread of fiction is too slight to be called the rosary itself or to be mistaken for the beads. With high literary skill, he has set the material of the four sketches of the Messiah into a unity that delights the reader. Fortunately, the author did not know of the similar attempts to harmonize, unify, or fuse together in one the gospels, although such work has been done from the time of the Assyrian Tatian in the second century down to the present. The last effort of this nature was, probably, that of the Rev. William Pittinger—'The Interwoven Gospels' (New York, 1886), which was reviewed in THE CRITIC. All the more valuable and interesting, therefore, is this work of Mr. Cooley's, because it is independent. Palissy, in trying to discover white enamel, might have saved himself and his family much trouble had he been a reader of many books, and first made inquiries as to the bibliography of his subject; but then, also, he might never have discovered so much and perfected himself so well otherwise. So, having examined many, and read several similar attempts at biographies of Jesus, based on the literary matter of the Gospels, we declare that Mr. Cooley's 'Emmanuel' is, as a continuous and picturesque story, and as a work of literary art, superior to them all, and stands easily at their head. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

'THE CONTINUOUS CREATION' is the title of a volume of sermons, or discussions, by the Rev. Myron Adams, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church at Rochester. An attempt is here made to apply the evolutionary philosophy to the Christian religion. The author has read widely in the literature applauded of modern days, and one wishes he were as well read in the books ancient and abiding, so as to be for us the wise scribe and householder commended of the Master. The author's spirit is inquiring, reverent, irenic, and sympathetic with the questionings of our time. He discusses the idea of God, the Bible, the problem of evil, the Church, prayer, miracles, social development and kindred themes, in eighteen chapters. One feels that a tremendous contract has been taken, without being able to say also that its conditions have been fulfilled. More condensation, clean-cut judgment, clearness of atmosphere, would have made this a more welcome and widely read book. As it is, we have found it suggestive, but unsatisfying. Nevertheless the work points in the right direction, and as for the author, there is hope for better things yet to come from him. The work is handsomely printed and bound. (\$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ARYAN SUN-MYTHS, 'the Origin of Religions,' is an anonymous jumble of fancies and unproved assertions to which Mr. Charles Morris adds an introduction. The thesis is that in the sun-myths of the ancient Aryans we must look for the origin of the religions in all the countries which were peopled by the Aryans; and that the Saviors worshiped in these lands are personifications of the Sun, the chief god of the Aryans. The book has elaborate equipment in the way of introduction, list of books consulted, six appendices covering forty pages, ten pages of reference notes, and an index of ten pages—all to one hundred and twenty pages of text; but a careful examination of the body of the work has failed to satisfy us that the author makes out a case. Though we ourselves pass this Scotch verdict of 'not proven,' those who wish to study the subject will find this monograph a valuable index and guide-book to a fascinating subject. (Troy, N. Y.: Nims & Knight.)—IN HIS 'Indications of the Book of Job,' Mr. Edward B. Latch further illustrates and enforces his peculiar views of the Bible and his method of interpretation already made known in his book called 'Review of the Holy Bible.' He believes in ages of human history before the conventional six thousand years from the so-called Adam and progenitor of the human family. He also gives Satan a place of vast importance in his scheme. His views of the Trinity are, to say the least, remarkable. He dwells much on chronology and fanciful eras of time. His detailed exposition of the book of Job shows that he is familiar with the English text of King James's version, but not with the Hebrew original. Types and allegories are numerous in this work. (\$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Magazine Notes

Harper's for February begins with an article by General Viscount Wolseley, in which he traces the history of 'The Standing Army of Great Britain' from the time of Charles I. to the present. The turbulent life of old Benvenuto Cellini is made the subject of an article by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, ornamented with a portrait and good woodcuts of the Perseus and the celebrated saltcellar of Francis I. Carlotta Perry sings of 'Happiness'; Howard Pyle pictures and describes 'Jamaica, Old and New.' The stone celts, the pottery, the bronze armlets, and the cloth of the ancient Swiss lake-dwellers are pictured in an article by S. H. M. Byers. There is also a portrait of Prof. Ferdinand Keller, the archaeologist. George Parsons Lathrop reports some 'Talks with Edison.' Mark Twain runs amuck among the queer prescriptions of an old Dictionary of Medicine, which he calls 'A Majestic Literary Fossil.' In 'Nights and Days with De Quincey,' James Hogg relates that of all subjects those of thuggism in India and the catagots of France and Spain were what most fascinated him. He got endless amusement out of Kant's machine for keeping up his stockings, and apparently as much out of his own invention of a bristle brush for dusting off his manuscript before sending it to the printer. No page would do until it was dusted three times over.

The February *Century* is an uncommonly attractive number. Mr. John La Farge begins his letters from Japan, written in a style as personal and as full of local color as the excellent designs that illustrate them, in which, for the first time, Japan is pictured with the delicacy of its native art and the fullness of European. Joe Jefferson's autobiography takes us forward to the year 1854, and his first acquaintance with Edwin Forrest. Four portraits of Forrest, two in character, illustrate this instalment. Mr. Charles de Kay throws 'A Side Light on Greek Art' reflected from some of the terra-cottas recently shown at the Union League Club. His conjectures as to the source, the age, and meaning of these charming works are interesting, though he seems to us to be rather too much bent on giving each of them a mythological signification. The group which he names 'Esculapius and Hygeia with a dying Woman,' might better pass for a simple group of mourners; and it is yet harder to see in the boy milking while a child is lying down and looking on from a distance an illustration of the finding of Mercury by Apollo after the theft of the kine. These and three other of the terra-cottas are illustrated by some photographic process. Nicolay and Hay's 'Lincoln' is concluded. 'A Corner of Old Paris,' that in which the Bastille stood, is described by Elizabeth Balch, with copies of old prints, fac-similes of *lettres de cachet* and of autographs of celebrated persons. W. P. Tisdell, United States Commissioner, describes his trip to the Congo; and Charles J. Woodbury supplies some extremely interesting notes of talks with Emerson, of whom a good portrait, taken about 1859, serves as a frontispiece to the number.

Mrs. Lamb's article, 'America's Congress of Historical Scholars,' in the February *Magazine of American History*, answers the question so often asked, 'What is this new national association of historians, and what does it do?' One of the illustrations is a group of portraits of its six successive Presidents, and another a sec-

tion of the body on the steps of the National Museum at Washington. 'Recent Historical Work in the Colleges and Universities of Europe and America,' by President Adams of Cornell, is the longest paper in the number. It was his inaugural address before the Association, of which he was President. 'The Spirit of Historical Research' is discussed by James Schouler. 'The Fourteenth State,' by John L. Heaton, refers, of course, to Vermont. George M. Pavey gives data about 'Modern State Constitutions.' There are four shorter papers, two of which are extracts: 'Washington's Conception of America's Future,' by Henry Cabot Lodge; 'The Uses of History,' by Rev. Dr. John Hall; 'Washingtoniana,' by Henry T. Drowne; and 'America's Indebtedness to a Fried Chicken,' by Horatio King. A portrait of George Bancroft forms the frontispiece.

In *The English Illustrated* for January, Mr. Walter Besant has a story 'The Doll's House—and After,' a sort of sequel to Ibsen's play. Sir J. Frederick Dickson, K.C.M.G., writes on 'The Straits Settlements and British Malaya,' with a map and several pictures from Malacca and Johore. The New Year's festivities in the curious Persian village of Yeaz-i-Khast, which one can only enter over a drawbridge and through a hole in the wall, are described by Theodore Bent, who traces back several of the ceremonies to pre-Mohammedan times. There is a 'Cycle of Six Love Lyrics' by Joseph Bennett, with music by Hamish McCunn; a paper on 'Dutch Girlhood,' illustrated, by Mrs. Lecky; an instalment of 'The Ring of Amasis,' and two papers on 'Competition and Co-operation among Women,' by Mrs. Jeune and William James Walker. The frontispiece is Andrew del Sarto's 'Portrait of the Painter.'

A dashing frontier story, 'Saint Mary of the Angels,' by Thomas A. Janvier, illustrated principally by photographic views of scenery near Santa Maria, is last though not least of the contents of the January *Cosmopolitan*. Carroll Beckwith writes a glowing tribute to the artist Bouguereau, to illustrate which there are phototypes from pictures and studies. H. H. Boyesen gives some account of the Faculty and work of Columbia College, with views of the buildings and class-rooms. Charles Pelham-Clinton describes, with illustrations, the palace of Blenheim; Mayo W. Hazeltine tells us what thrones will totter next—namely, those of Spain and Portugal, Holland, Denmark and Sweden; Poultney Bigelow has notes of a canoe cruise around the island of Antigua; and Dr. Hale, in Social Problems, proposes that the Pan-American Congress, or some other similar body, establish an international High Court of America, and rid us of all possibility of war between peoples of this continent.

The Lounger

A WRITER in *The Book-Lover* says that women are never bibliomaniacs, and I have no facts at hand with which to dispute the charge. There have been women who have owned fine libraries, but the true woman bibliomaniac is unquestionably infrequent. Women have been and still are collectors of bric-à-brac and pictures, and have shown zeal and intelligence in the hunt. Some of the most knowing buyers of old china are women. Didn't a woman—Mrs. Mary J. Morgan—pay \$15,000 for the peach-blow vase? But then no one in his right mind would call Mrs. Morgan an amateur of art. She bought because she had money and was told that a 'collector' was the thing to be. Right here in New York we have women who collect fans, miniatures, *vernis Martin*, pictures, silver, lace, and china, but I have yet to meet one who is really a book-hunter—who delights in black-letter or fine bindings; and there are very few who know an Elzevir from an Aldine. Why is this, when there are so many who have shown remarkable knowledge and taste in other branches of amateurship?

COLLECTING MAY WELL be called a craze, for woe betide him who is seized with it, and who has not the means for its gratification. He is like a man possessed with the demon of drink. He cannot resist it. A piece of old brass or of china, a painting or a rare book pulls at his heart-strings with a strength that is not to be resisted. He will go without an overcoat in winter to buy an antique bit; he will economize on his table, but not on his antiquities. Your real collector covers his tracks. He does not wish it known that he bought his picture of Lanthier or his old glass of Sypher. He will hem and haw if you ask him outright where he got a thing (if you are a collector yourself, you will not dream of doing this), and if he is not afraid of being caught in the act of prevaricating, he will deny the truth if you happen to guess it. I saw some old pewter at a dealer's the other day, and in the forgetfulness of my enthusiasm I said 'Did Mr. — get his old pewter here?' 'That is a question I cannot answer,' said the dealer, and I at once recognized that my query was an impertinence. 'This

is a singular business,' continued the dealer. 'Not one of my customers ever recommends my place to another. They are all collectors, and neither wishes the other to know where he "picks up" his treasures.' It is a craze—but it is a fascinating one.

A LITERARY FRIEND of mine has got things down to such a fine point that he can tell to a line when he has written the amount of manuscript which he counts as a day's work. He never adds up his words, but he writes a hand that does not vary in size from one end of an article or story to another, and he has his paper cut so as to hold just one hundred and fifty words to the page. When he reaches the end of the tenth page he knows, for example, that he has written fifteen hundred words. But this is not his only labor-saving device. He has a fountain-pen that holds just eight thousand words. When he begins a story he fills the pen, and when the pen runs dry the story is finished. I call this a very convenient arrangement, only I think that instead of saying 'I had a story in *Scribner's*, *Harper's* or *The Atlantic* last month,' he should say 'I had a pen-full in *The Atlantic*, or *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, last month.' This might mystify the person addressed, I admit; at the same time there is something attractive in novelty of expression.

MR. HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH will be somewhat surprised to learn from the last number of *American Notes and Queries* that he is not himself, but a pseudonym for Horace E. Scudder. This is as good in its way as the inference of a German encyclopædist, some thirty years ago, from a newspaper reference to 'the Simon Pure Cruikshank,' that the real name of George Cruikshank was Simon Pure!

AN ENTERPRISING soap-manufacturer gives away a book with every bar of soap that he sells. 'If you bought one thousand bars in succession, you would receive a different book each time'; and according to the advertisement, the choice ranges from 'Scott and Dickens to Stevenson and Haggard.' There are few popular authors who are not named in this list. Never was there such an inducement offered to people to accumulate a library. Fancy the shelves—a book alternating with a bar of soap! The circulating libraries must look to their laurels, or the grocery stores will steal them. It is so much more attractive to be seen coming out of the grocer's with a book and a bar of soap than with a bar of soap alone. A firm of cigarette-manufacturers has adopted the same 'plan of campaign,' and promises any one of a hundred novels to each person who sends with his (or her) full name and address, thirty 'album certificates,' one of which is packed in each box of the company's cigarettes. The list includes 'The Merry Men,' 'The Adventures of an Old Maid,' and 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.'

THERE IS a flavor of 'The Wrong Box' about the following brief despatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., printed in last week's papers, that will give it a special interest to readers of Stevenson:—'PITTSBURGH, Jan. 22. Jonathan Lenz, the junior trustee of the Economy Society, died at Economy, Penn., last night. He was about ninety years of age. This makes the fourth death in the society within a short time, reducing the membership to less than thirty. The last survivor will have at his disposal all the property of the society, which is valued at \$10,000,000.'

MR. ELISHA CLARK LEONARD of New Bedford, Mass., recently read a paper before the Old Colony Historical Society at Taunton, Mass., concerning 'The House of the Seven Gables' immortalized by Hawthorne. Ancestors of Mr. Leonard's occupied this house for five generations. In 1850 it was demolished, but fortunately there is a good photograph of it. I wonder that any one cared enough about the antiquity and literary interest of the house even to take a photograph of it. We don't think much of such things over here—more's the pity. A friend of mine who was in Nuremberg last summer visited the little eating-house, and sat at the very table where Hans Sachs, Albert Dürer and their friends used to sit and drink beer and eat sausage and cabbage. Everything is just as it was in the long-ago, and only the very same sort of things are sold there. I was going to say the very same things, but that would be doing injustice to the freshly made sausage and the newly cut cabbage, not to mention the freshly tapped beer. If that historic little place were in this country, it would have been torn down long ago and an eating-house for 'ladies and gents,' with stained-glass in the windows and stained covers on the tables, erected on its site. We believe in 'progress' over here. Let Nuremberg have the little tumble-down eating-house and let its patrons clink glasses to the memory of Hans Sachs and Albert Dürer. When we have made our money we will go over to the funny old town and see all that is to be seen in fifteen minutes; then we will come back to New York—and make more money.

A CURIOUS story is related in the *Tribune* apropos of the death of Mr. Franklin A. Paddock, the well-known New York lawyer, and brother of Senator Paddock, of Nebraska. Mr. Paddock died very suddenly on Wednesday of last week, having been at his office late on the afternoon of the previous day. The *Tribune* says:

Three years ago Mr. Paddock was at his country seat in Delhi, Delaware County, and one day read 'Allan Quatermain.' Haggard's romance caused him to dream that night that he was in a sea, swimming away from reptiles. He thought he saw his brother standing on a rock stretching out his arms to save him, and imagined that he had to dive to save himself from some approaching monster. So vivid was the dream that he dived out of bed and struck his head such a blow that paralysis subsequently set in. Although he resumed the practice of his profession later, it is believed that the attack of paralysis caused his death.

The *Sun*, in an article headed 'Mrs. Stowe's Last Days,' declares that the creator of 'Uncle Tom' is not expected to live many weeks longer, though her vitality is remarkable. She has failed greatly since last spring.

The changes were so gradual as to be hardly noticeable at first. She continued her walks on the street and greeted friends, but could not enter into an intelligent or continued conversation. Then she failed to recognize persons she had known, or would greet them with some strange remark. Thus she has lived for months. In pleasant weather she has been allowed to roam about the yard and the adjoining premises. Her love for flowers was strong, and she would occupy hours in wandering about in search of wild blossoms, of which she seemed especially fond. Her nurse followed behind in her walks, but allowed the frail mind to have full play as far as was possible. During these wanderings the woman would sing in a low tone the words beginning some familiar hymn of the old-time church service, or more frequently, when searching for flowers, about the gift of God in the flowers. . . . The Rev. Charles E. Stowe has gone to Florida to settle up her estate there. About the time of his departure he asked leave of absence for one year from the duties of pastor of the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church, Hartford.

When objection was made to so long an absence, he resigned his charge, his health having been injured by overwork on the biography of his mother published some time ago.

International Copyright

THE COPYRIGHT reform appears to be making satisfactory progress. The Senate Committee on Patents last week authorized Senator Platt to report the bill to the Senate with a favorable recommendation. In the House it is expected that, at an early day, it will have the unusual compliment and support of being favorably reported by two committees. Having gone to the Judiciary, as a matter of precedent, it was introduced in duplicate by a member of the Patents Committee, and at his request referred to that Committee. The friends of the bill are working vigorously and harmoniously, and important accessions of strength are reported to the ranks of its friends. Meanwhile, it is earnestly requested by the Secretary of the Joint Executive Committee that every reader of these lines will take the trouble to write to his Representative in Congress in favor of the bill, one such letter being worth more than many pamphlets. Where the names of Representatives are not known, they may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Mr. R. U. Johnson, 33 East 17th Street, New York, who will also furnish documents.

The Associated Press dispatches do not convey the significance of the appearance of Mr. Gardiner Hubbard before the House Judiciary Committee in opposition to the Copyright bill on Friday and Saturday of last week. The result of his opposition has proved an occasion for congratulation to the friends of the reform. As an argument it is difficult to treat it seriously. It was a curious exhibition of the different directions in which the winds of theory may take one who pulls up his ethical anchors in the discussion of copyright matters. The main drift of Mr. Hubbard's remarks was to prove that International Copyright was unconstitutional and impolitic; and yet, in response to a direct question by Mr. Adams of the Committee, to the astonishment of everybody he asserted his adherence to the principle of the Hawley bill, the broadest measure of International Copyright ever proposed. In one breath he asserted that the authors had been forced to the support of the Chace bill by the publishers, and that the publishers were not

themselves in favor of the bill. His specific misstatements as to the position of the Harpers, the Scribners, the Appletons, and other houses, were, opportunely disapproved by Mr. R. U. Johnson (Secretary of the American Copyright League), and by Mr. W. W. Appleton (Secretary of the American Publishers' League), in whose presence Mr. Hubbard had the rashness to state that the Appletons were indifferent to the passage of the bill. To the assertion of the supineness of the publishers, Mr. Hubbard added the brilliant *non sequitur* that the bill was concocted for the purpose of producing a gigantic Book Trust on both sides of the water. This led Mr. Adams to ask Mr. Hubbard if he had ever heard of the editorial in the London *Times* stating that as a result of the passage of the bill, New York would become the literary centre of the English race. The interruptions of members of the Committee, necessary to keep track of Mr. Hubbard's arguments, were so numerous that his situation was aptly compared to that of the dog in the baggage-car, of Dr. Paxton's illustration, who had chewed up his tag so that nobody knew where he was going, and who did not even know himself.

On the whole, the result of Mr. Hubbard's appearance was to solidify and strengthen the support of the Committee to the principle of the bill. Not more than two or three members of the fifteen composing the Committee will vote against the present bill. It is in the intelligent understanding of the merits of the bill by the Committee that the friends of the reform find their strongest assurance of success. An additional advantage lies in the fact that Mr. Butterworth (Chairman of the Patents Committee, to which the bill has been referred in duplicate) and Mr. Simonds (the second member of the Committee) are warmly interested in the bill. Mr. Simonds, the Chairman of the Sub-Committee to whom the bill has been referred, is a well-known patent expert and lecturer at Yale University. The consideration of the matter by two Committees of the House is a guarantee that the bill will have a large number of intelligent defenders in the debate upon the floor.

At the dinner of the New York Typothetæ (Employing Printers) at the Hotel Brunswick on Franklin's birthday, Jan. 17, Col. Knox's mention of the Copyright bill was heartily applauded. Mr. DeVinne, the delegate of the National Association to advocate the bill before Congress, was among those who appeared before the Judiciary Committee of the House on Jan. 9.

On Count de Kératry's return to Paris from his recent mission to this country, the Syndicate for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property adopted, at a meeting held on Jan. 3, the following resolution, and sent it to the Count with a request that it be forwarded, as has since been done, to the American Copyright League:—"The Syndicate renews its cordial sympathy with the American Copyright League, and counts upon its energetic support in obtaining the recognition of the rights of foreign authors and artists on the territory of the United States of America." The President of the League is M. Paul Delalain, and its membership includes official representatives of the Société des Gens de Lettres and seven affiliated organizations of artists, engravers, musicians, photographers, etc. On the eve of his departure from this country, Count de Kératry was reported in the *Herald* as saying in the course of an interview on the subject of his mission:

There is another and very serious argument to be considered by the House of Representatives, or rather the minority who uphold the wholesale piracy of foreign authors. We have learned from an authoritative source that if some form of International Copyright is not adopted, public opinion in France will demand and obtain from the French government the withdrawal of their country from the International Convention at Berne for the protection of industrial property (*i.e.*, patents), to which the United States adhered under President Cleveland. Leaving out such great inventors as Edison and Bell, it is evident that this would prove disastrous to the United States, so prominent in the field of invention, for all patents taken in France would lapse and no new ones could be registered.

The reprisal would be just, and little blame could attach to France, who has so hospitably welcomed American artistic and literary works since the decree of 1852, placing them on a par with those of France in spite of the lack of reciprocity. This is a point to be considered.

Boston Letter

I HOPE that collectors of Americana will not run up the price of the treasures in this department at the sale of the S. L. M. Barlow Library, which takes place in New York on Feb. 3, so as to prevent the Boston Public Library from securing what is needed for that institution. The appropriation of \$25,000 by the City Council is estimated as sufficient to cover the cost of the desired treasures, unless some grasping millionaire takes it into his head to corner the venerable manuscripts and chronicles in order to attain a reputation for interest in historical research. The fact that many of the books which we hope to get were collected by an old-time Bostonian, Mr. Thomas Aspinwall, when Consul in London, gives us a certain right to them, and the additional fact that our Public Library needs a stock of Americana to supply its deficiencies in this department emphasizes the equitable character of our claim.

Being rich in Spanish and Portuguese literature, which has such an important bearing on the early annals of this country, our poverty in Americana is the more noticeable. Our townsman, George Ticknor, enriched the Public Library with his unrivalled collection of Spanish literature, but we had to go to New York for our superb collection of Shakespearean literature, which is comprised in the Barton Library of 12,000 volumes, added to the collection in 1873. So, as we have to depend on the metropolis for some of the materials for our scholars and thinkers to work with, I feel that book-collectors in that city ought to be so far appreciative of our recognition of their resources, as to let our Public Library have what it needs at a reasonable price.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish on Feb. 8, in the Riverside Paper Series, 'Agnes of Sorrento,' by Harriet Beecher Stowe, a story of Italian scenes which has a remarkably interesting plot and is developed with a good deal of dramatic power. The same firm will bring out, on February 11, 'The Reminiscences of Mr. Montagu Williams,' in two volumes. Mr. Williams had for many years almost the largest criminal practice at the English bar. The cases in which he was engaged during the last twenty years include many *causes célèbres*, such as the Clerkenwell explosion case, Mme. Rachel's case, and the Lamson poisoning case. The story of his life as told in these volumes has a good deal of variety, comprising as it does his schoolboy days at Eton, which are described in an entertaining manner, and his career in the army and on the stage, which preceded those experiences as a barrister that occupy the larger part of the work. The peculiar characters and incidents which illustrate his legal career are depicted in a vivid manner, and bring out the salient characteristics of the practice of the criminal law by a leader in the profession.

'Alexander the Great,' which is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on Feb. 15, is the first of a series of volumes on the masters of the art of war by Col. Theodore A. Dodge, U. S. A., author of 'The Campaign of Chancellorsville,' 'A Bird's-eye View of the Civil War,' etc. These volumes are amplifications of the sketches of the historic military leaders which appeared in the author's book on 'Great Captains.' In 'Alexander the Great' a history of the origin and growth of the art of war from the earliest times to the death of Philip of Macedon is given, together with a detailed narrative, historical and critical, of the military life of his illustrious son. The book will be illustrated with over a hundred charts of battles and manoeuvres, drawings of ancient military and siege machinery, weapons, etc., and several large maps. The author's military knowledge and experience and his exhaustive researches into the history of his subject are guarantees of the value of this work.

Other books soon to be brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are 'Bryant,' by John Bigelow, in the American Men-of-Letters Series, 'Conversations in a Studio,' by William W. Story; 'William Augustus Muhlenberg,' by Rev. W. W. Newton; 'The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems,' by Geo. E. Woodberry; 'A History of the Old South Church, Boston,' by Hamilton A. Hill; 'American Whist Illustrated,' by 'G. W. P.'; and the 'Butterflies of North America,' Third Series, Part IX., by W. H. Edwards.

The February *Arena* has a variety of interesting articles. Richard Hodgson, LL.D., in a paper on ghosts, the first of a series on 'Psychical Research,' gives examples of different kinds of apparitions with suggestions as to their character. 'Industrial Partnership,' by Nicholas P. Gilman, takes the ground that employers should now take some forward step in the reasoning, conscious evolution of the wages system. Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, in 'Henry George and the

Rum Power,' combats George's opposition to restrictive liquor legislation. 'Reminiscences of Débuts in Many Lands,' by Helena Modjeska, is the first paper of a series, and gives some entertaining reminiscences of the obstacles she encountered at her first appearance in Warsaw. The article contains an excellent portrait. H. H. Gardener, in 'The Immoral Influence of Women in Literature,' takes the other side of the question, but wanders from the point. 'Cardinal Gibbons's Late Work' is considered by Thomas B. Preston as notable for its spirit of toleration and love of liberty, but defective in its lack of appreciation of the depth of the social problem and of the merits of the evolution theory. James T. Bixby, D.D., Ph.D., treats of 'Robert Browning's Message to the Nineteenth Century' in a thoughtful and appreciative manner. 'In The Year Ten Thousand,' by Edgar Fawcett, takes a look into the distant future in New York, and gives a glowing picture in blank-verse of the progress of humanity.

I hear that Mrs. Jane G. Austin's story of the valiant Pilgrim captain and his times in the Old Colony—'Standish of Standish'—has reached a third edition. 'Looking Backward' has had a sale of about 280,000 copies.

There is an excellent portrait of T. W. Higginson at the exhibition of the Boston Art Club, by Joseph Linden Smith, a clever young artist who had previously painted President Eliot and Profs. Shaler and Lovering of Harvard University. Col. Higginson's portrait is considered his best work. It is in a free, unconventional style and brings out the character of the subject with a good deal of naturalness and force. In the St. Botolph Club exhibition there is a spirited portrait of Georg Henschel by John S. Sargent.

A reception is to be given by the New England Women's Press Association to Mme. Helena Modjeska at the Parker House, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 29, at which many well-known literary and artistic people will be present. This compliment to the gifted actress is in recognition of the benefit which she gave to the Association some time ago.

BOSTON, Jan. 27, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Francis Bowen

PROF. FRANCIS BOWEN, whose death on Jan. 21 we noted last week, was born at Charlestown, Mass., on September 8, 1811, his parents being farmers and too poor to make adequate provision for his training. To enable himself to enter Phillips Exeter Academy, he had to work in a Boston publishing-house. At nineteen he entered the Sophomore Class at Harvard, and on being graduated taught mathematics for two years at Phillips Exeter. For another year, beginning in 1835, he taught Greek at Harvard; and for the following three years instructed the Senior Class in mental and moral philosophy. At this time he wrote the biographies of Sir William Phipps, James Otis, Benjamin Lincoln and Baron Steuben for Sparks's Library of American Biography. Desiring to spend a year in study abroad, he resigned his instructorship in 1839, and did not resume his connection with the University till 1850, when he accepted the McLean Professorship of History. In six months he resigned this chair, and it was not till 1853 that the Alfred Professorship of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity was offered to and accepted by him. He had then owned and edited for ten years *The North American Review*, and edited for six years 'The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge.' In 1842 he had published an edition of Vergil and a volume of 'Critical Essays on Speculative Philosophy'; and two courses of Lowell Lectures on metaphysics and ethics, delivered in 1848-9, are included in his works. The list of his writings includes 'Behr's Translation of Weber's Outlines of Universal History, with the Addition of a History of the United States' (1853), 'Documents of the Constitutions of England and America, from Magna Charta to the Federal Constitution of 1889' (1854), 'The Principles of Metaphysical and Ethical Science Applied to the Evidences of Religion' (1855), 'Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind, Revised and Abridged, with Critical and Explanatory Notes' (1854), 'The Principles of Political Economy Applied to the Conditions and Institutions of the American People,' (1856), 'The Metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton, Collected, Arranged, and Abridged' (1862), 'De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, Edited with Notes' (1862), 'A Treatise on Logic; or, The Laws of Pure Thought, Comprising both the Aristotelic and the Hamiltonian Analyses of Logical Forms' (1864), 'American Political Economy' (1870), 'Modern Philosophy from Des Cartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann' (1877), and 'Gleanings from a Literary Life' (1880).

Prof. Bowen recently announced his conversion from the principle of Protection to that of Free Trade, or his conviction, at least, that we have had a surfeit of the former in this country. This was not his first appearance in the field of practical affairs. The Boston

Herald recalls this fact concerning him:—'He was among the most-talked-of men in the State, if not in the nation, at one time. It was when Louis Kossuth was in this country pleading the cause of the revolutionists of Hungary. Kossuth was stirring up the people by his eloquent appeals, and the politicians were making all possible capital by identifying themselves with him. In the midst of this Prof. Bowen had the courage to come out and take the opposite side to Kossuth, contending that the revolution was an act in which those concerned did not deserve sympathy. Whether he was right or wrong in this the politicians did not stop to inquire. The Free-Soilers and Democrats of that day, who were in coalition in Massachusetts, vied with each other in laudation of Kossuth and in denouncing Prof. Bowen. Some of this was honest and intelligent, but a good deal of it was with a view to political aims.'

Robert Browning

THE BROWNING SOCIETY of Boston held a memorial meeting at King's Chapel on Thursday last which was largely attended by members and guests, the general public being admitted after the holders of tickets had been provided for. The *Tribune* gives the following names of persons present:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Blake, John Bartlett, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Rev. M. J. Savage, Arthur Howard Pickering, Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Parton, John Boyle O'Reilly, Sarah Orne Jewett, Christopher P. Cranch, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Robert C. Winthrop, Louise Chandler Moulton, Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, Rev. Philip S. Marcum, Rev. J. De Normandie, Rev. E. E. Webb, Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Griffis, Rev. H. B. Carpenter, Margaret Deland, Mrs. Ole Bull, Mrs. Henry M. Whitney, Mrs. Theodore Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Olmsted, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mrs. Ward Howe Eliot, Mrs. David Kimball, Mrs. Charles Homans, Mrs. George B. Blake, Mrs. De Normandie, Arlo Bates, Mrs. Edward Wheelwright, Miss Kimball, Mrs. Wainwright, Mrs. H. N. Bigelow, Mrs. P. H. Dillingham, Mrs. H. H. Gay, Mrs. B. W. Porter, Miss H. Ware, Colonel Henry Stone, Oscar Fay Adams, Mrs. John D. Wheelwright, the Misses Gay, Miss Dewey, Mrs. B. T. Lord, Mrs. Joseph A. Ropes, Mrs. J. T. Talbot, Miss Ida Mason, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Childs and Miss Riddle.

In the unavoidable absence of Col. T. W. Higginson, the President, his place was taken by Mr. C. P. Cranch, who read a brief address by Col. Higginson, from which we make this extract:

It is not needful that we should assume to decide Robert Browning's place among the world's poets. That requires the consent of successive ages and different nationalities, and we are some centuries too soon to count the ballots. Five hundred years after Dante's birth Voltaire wrote this of him: 'The Italians call him divine, but it is a hidden divinity. He has commentators, which, perhaps, is another reason for his not being understood. His fame will go on increasing because scarce anybody reads him.' Voltaire wrote this of Dante in words which, if their source were left unexplained, might well pass as having been used of Robert Browning by some dissatisfied critic of to-day. Yet Voltaire was the keenest intellect of his age and stood for what seemed the prevailing sentiment, and in spite of him Dante has passed to a final seat among the highest kings of song. Fortunately, it is not needful that we should thus weigh our benefactors in a balance. We know that the public and private life of Robert Browning, the vast range of his thought and observation, the world of characters to whom he has introduced us, the poetic dignity and sweetness of his marriage—that all these things not merely secured our affection but guaranteed his fame. To say that his work is unequal is to say that he is human—every poet's work is unequal,—but in judging of the value of a mine we do not measure the dross; we test the ore. He who has made life richer and ampler, youth more beautiful, age more venerable and more hopeful, has been the friend of mankind. He passes away from us, but he peopled the world of imagination with beings who will not depart. Paracelsus and Pippa, Colombe and Luria, Hervé Riel and Andrea del Sarto, and Rabbi Ben Ezra—as Macready said of the personages in 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Who is alive if they are not?'

This, according to the *Times*, was followed by the song from 'Pippa Passes,' sung by Mr. W. J. Winch to music by Miss Clara K. Rogers. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody, and Mrs. Browning's hymn, 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' with music written for the occasion, was sung by Mr. Winch. The Rev. Dr. Charles Carroll Everett then made a memorial address; after which came the song from 'Paracelsus,' the music by Miss Emily Har-

radan. Letters of regret were read from Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, and others. Poems by Christopher Pearse Cranch and Richard Watson Gilder followed. Then came the singing by the audience of the hymn which was sung the other day at the Westminster Abbey service, and the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks pronounced the benediction. Mr. Gilder's tribute was the following lyric :

THE TWELFTH OF DECEMBER, 1889.

On this day Browning died ?
Say rather : On the tide
That throbs against those glorious palace walls,—
That rises, pauses, falls,
With murmured melody and myriad-tinted gleams,—
On that enchanted tide,
Half real, and half poured from lovely dreams,
A Soul of Beauty,—a white, rhythmic flame,—
Passed singing forth into the Eternal Beauty whence it came.

Mr. Curtis's letter contained this passage :—

"It is my happiness to remember that I was among the earliest Americans who knew Mr. Browning in Europe, and I had the pleasure of giving him a copy of Margaret Fuller's review of his poetry, which she wrote for the *New York Tribune*. It was the first important tribute to his genius from this country, which welcomed him sooner and more warmly than his native land. It is evident that the spell of his power among us has but strengthened and widened with time, and thus Miss Fuller's fine appreciation was only the first note of what has become an American chorus of delight and admiration.

'G. W. S.' in the *Tribune*, confirms the testimony of a recent writer in the *Times* on the subject of Browning's lack of popularity among the leaders of English fashion:

Nay, when he died the most fashionable of the London daily papers wrote of him in a tone of supercilious patronage, with a sort of apology to its butterfly readers for asking their attention to a writer so remote from their world as Browning. That is behind the time and foolish, yet I suspect that Browning's poetry was far less known to the world of London than Browning himself. So far as he was read in society—which reads little—he was read by the younger generation of fashionable people; to the older he was, I might almost say, unknown. He was literally unknown to some. I have heard the mention of his name followed by the remark: 'Browning? Is he not an American novelist.' The lady who put that question is an ornament of society, full of every kind of social intelligence, and it was not many years ago. I doubt whether he has ever been the poet of the classes. The masses, or some of them, were probably those who read him most. The critics have praised him with very large reservations. But there was a class of readers neither literary or smart who found in Browning something they wanted, and who for the sake of the kernel were willing to prick their fingers with the husk or bruise their joints over the shell. They are the people to whom the problems of life are everything, and what drew them to Browning was his penetration and power in handling these problems.

A Card From "Edmund Kirke"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In the last issue of your usually accurate journal, I notice the following: 'Judge Lacombe has decided in favor of the plaintiff a suit brought by Laura Gilmore, widow of James R. Gilmore ('Edmund Kirke'), against Horatio Alger, Jr., to recover damages for the use of her husband's *Life of Garfield* in the preparation of a biography by the defendant. Commissioner Shields has been appointed to fix the amount of damages to which Mrs. Gilmore is entitled.'

In this there is a slight mistake: I have not yet 'gone over to the majority,' and consequently my wife is not yet a widow. I presume you have been led into this error by the fact that suit in the above-mentioned case was brought in the name of my wife; and, lest others should fall into a like mistake, I beg to explain that it has been for years my custom to transfer all my copyrights to that lady. This I do because I consider her entitled to them. Without her help I should not, and probably could not, write anything worth reading. She attends to my household and financial affairs, conducts the larger part of my correspondence, advises with me upon my subjects, and the manner of treating them, looks up and arranges my authorities, keeps from me all distracting influences, and,

when my work is done, gives me the critical judgment of a mind of rare culture and remarkable insight. Moreover, she holds me strictly to so wise an ordering of my time that I am enabled, out of the twenty-four hours, to give eight to solid work in my 'den,' three to manual exercise upon our farm, five to social intercourse and an old-fashioned romp with the cat and the dog, and eight to as sound a sleep as ever closed the eyelids of Sancho Panza. If she is thus my help and my inspiration, is she not entitled to the avails of that which, but for her, would probably have had no existence?

JAMES R. GILMORE ('EDMUND KIRKE').

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1890.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE LARGEST subscriptions to the fund in Treasurer Stewart's hands since our last report were two of \$100 each, but \$384 in all have been added, making a total of \$68,603.56. The *Times*, *World* and *Commercial Advertiser* continue their labors as zealously as ever. The following subscriptions were received from Jan. 22 to 28, inclusive:

\$100 each:—Thomas C. Platt; James M. Waterbury.

\$50:—Fifty subscribers to *Commercial Advertiser's Women's Fund*.

\$25 each:—Francis R. Rives; George E. Dodge; D. Underhill.

\$10 each:—Adolph L. Sanger; I. Steinfeld; H. A. Bogart.

\$9:—Employees of C. H. Ditson & Co.

\$5 each:—Henry S. Oakley; John Miller; A. J. Clinton.

\$3:—Three little boys. \$1 each:—Sally and Joan; 'Long Island friend.'

The Fine Arts

Paintings by Picknell

ABOUT a dozen new paintings by Mr. W. L. Picknell are on exhibition at the Avery Gallery, 368 Fifth Avenue. With the exception of two they are landscapes, for the most part very broadly and vigorously painted, but showing, nevertheless, careful study. Of the figure-pieces, 'A Quiet Hour' is a dark interior with a young woman seated, reading. The other is a study of a fisherman poling his flat-bottomed boat through the shallows. No two subjects could well be more dissimilar; yet the effect aimed at is rendered with equal success in each. A good deal of variety is also to be noted in the landscapes. There are sea views, tree-studies, upland sketches, and twilight and moonlight effects. Among the most attractive are 'The Way-side Pump,' overshadowed by a great mass of foliage, and 'An Ebbing Tide,' which has left brown rocks hung with seaweed high, but not yet dry, in the foreground. Mr. Picknell has made considerable progress since last year, and as he shows no sign of getting into a rut, his future, in landscape, seems assured.

Art Notes

THE twelfth exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be held at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries from Monday, April 28, to Saturday, May 24. Varnishing day will be Friday, April 25, and the press view on the same day after 12. The reception and the private view for artists will be on Saturday, April 26. Forms of entry, which may be had on application to William A. Coffin, Secretary, 138 West 55th Street, should be sent in on or before April 12. No collections will be made by the Society, but works will be received at the Galleries on April 16 and 17. No works in packing-cases will be received. Original works in oil-painting and sculpture, not before exhibited in New York, and approved by the Jury of Admission, will be accepted. The annual Webb Prize of \$300, for the best landscape painted by an American artist under forty years of age, will be awarded by vote of the Jury.

—The engraved frontispiece of the February *Magazine of Art* represents a Roman girl with a basket of cherries looking at a number of galleys racing. It is after Mr. Poynter's picture 'A Roman Boat-Race.' Mr. Swinburne contributes a long descriptive poem, 'Loch Torridon,' which is illustrated by woodcuts after drawings by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. 'The Art of Dry-Point' is the subject of an article illustrated with fac-similes of dry-point work in various stages, by Mortimer Menpes. Prince Karageorgevitch contributes some 'Personal Reminiscences of Jules Bastien-Lepage.' There are illustrations of pictures in the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow, and an article on 'Old Blue and White Nankeen China,' by Joseph Grego, the pictures to which are printed in blue.

—The *Portfolio* begins the new year in a new dress which is a great improvement on the old. The page is unbroken by a column line, thus permitting the use of large decorative initial letters. The

type is larger, and the illustrations, at least in this January number, are better and more numerous than formerly. Among the full-page plates are an etching by Toussaint of Henner's Martyr, a female head with palm-branches; 'The Chariots of the Hours,' by Walter Crane; and 'Dover,' a mezzotint engraving by Alfred Dawson after H. T. Dawson. The last-mentioned illustrates the first article ('The Downs') of a new series on 'The British Seas.' Other illustrations of the same article are 'The Goodwin Sands on a Calm Day,' 'The Ramsgate Life-Boat,' and 'Ramsgate' from the sea. F. G. Stephens writes on 'The Designs of Walter Crane,' with engravings, besides the full-page plate just mentioned, of his drawings of 'Pegasus,' 'Flora' and 'Sunrise.' A paper by A. H. Church is illustrated by several pictures of lamps and brackets showing very good designs. *The Portfolio* is to be congratulated on its new departure.

—The frontispiece of *The Art Amateur* for January is a very interesting head of 'Pallas,' reproduced from a bronze belonging to Mr. Richard M. Hunt. The Barye monument Fund Exhibition notices are continued with an illustration of a bronze candelabrum by Barye. An article on 'Pen-Drawing for Photo-Engraving' has reproductions of pen-and-ink sketches by Michael Angelo, Géricault and Gavarni. The department of the House includes handsome original designs for wood-carving by Benn Pitman and a very interesting lot of illustrations of old English furniture. An exceedingly pretty child's head in colors, by Mary Ely, smiles at one as one opens the cover.

—Mr. John Rogers, the popular sculptor of statuettes, has completed a colossal group of 'John Eliot Preaching to the Indians'—his first work, we believe, on anything like such a scale. The preacher, in a combination of clerical and military dress, has mounted on a large boulder at the foot of which stands, on one side an Indian man, on the other a squaw. It is intended for casting in bronze. Mr. Rogers has also finished the same subject in miniature.

—The Metropolitan Museum of Art was lighted by electricity for the first time on Thursday evening of last week. The test proved highly satisfactory. The Museum, before long, will be opened on two evenings of each week.

—'The Angelus' has been gazed upon with thoroughly appreciative eyes in Chicago, the *Times* of that city being so much impressed with the picture that it exclaims, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'Millet ought to have had his studio in Chicago.' 'If Millet ever felt that way,' says the *New York Tribune*, 'he forgot to mention it.'

First Editions of Standard Books

VALUABLE BOOKS have been sold by Bangs & Co. this week at prices calculated to encourage book-lovers who have no designs upon Mr. Quaritch's ten and twenty-five thousand dollar volumes. The Americana in the William F. Johnson library was put on sale on Monday, and disposed of at prices far from prohibitive. John Eliot's 'Tears of Repentance, 1653, brought \$27; and Philip Freneau's Poems, printed by himself, 1795, \$11.50. Cotton Mather's 'Late Memorable Providences,' London, 1691, brought \$19; and his 'Johannes in Eremo,' Boston, 1695, \$14; 'The Glorious Throne' and 'The Valley of Baca,' \$7 each; 'Psalterium Americanum,' \$14, and 'Christian Loyalty,' \$8. Increase Mather's 'Illustrious Providences' went for \$29; his 'Mystery of Israel's Salvation' for \$13.50; 'Discourse Concerning Comets' for \$12; 'Parentator,' \$10.50; and 'Now or Never,' \$7. Other works by these two Mathers and sermons and discourses by others of the Mather tribe were sold at even lower figures. First editions of the Brownings fared not very much better. Those of Mrs. Browning went at the prices following: 'An Essay on Mind, and Other Poems,' 1826, \$16.50; 'The Seraphim,' 1838, \$7.50; 'Casa Guidi Windows,' 1851, \$3; 'Aurora Leigh' 1857, \$3.75. Robert Browning's 'Paracelsus,' 1835, brought \$11.50; 'Strafford,' 1837, \$8.50; 'Sordello,' 1840, \$9.50; 'Dramatis Personæ,' 1864, \$4.50; 'Fifine at the Fair,' 1872, \$4; 'Red Cotton Night-Cap Country,' 1873, \$9; 'Aristophanes' Apology,' 1875, \$4; and 'Parleyings,' 1887, \$5.75. The other books went for still lower prices. The first edition of Bryant's Poems, 1821, brought \$7.25; of the first part of Butler's 'Hudibras,' 1663, \$25; of Byron's 'Hours of Idleness,' 1807, \$13, and 'English Bards,' 1809, \$10; and of Coleridge's 'Poems on Various Subjects,' 1796, \$9.50, and 'Wallenstein,' 1800, \$10. There was a fine lot of Cruikshanks sold, including 'Rockwood,' \$28.25; 'Jack Sheppard,' \$16; 'Tower of London,' \$31.50; 'Guy Fawkes,' \$21; 'Greenwich Hospital,' \$16; 'Falstaff,' \$17, and 'Table-Book,' \$26. The sale of Cruikshanks was continued on Tuesday. 'Robinson Crusoe,' 2 vols., 1831, brought \$22; 'German Popular Stories,' 2 vols., 1823, \$170; 'The Humorist,' 4 vols., 1819-22, \$180; Dr.

Syntax's Life of Napoleon, 1815, \$28; 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' 2 vols., 1830, \$16; 'The Scourge,' 12 vols., 1811-16, \$99; and 'The English Spy,' 2 vols., 1825, \$62. Three Crusoe volumes of 1719-20 brought \$42. Then came a number of Dibbins, some of the prices being as follows: 'Bibliomania,' 1842, \$22; 'The Bibliographical Decameron,' 3 vols., 1817, \$81; 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana,' 4 vols., 1814, \$48; 'Tour in France and Germany,' 5 vols., 1821, \$80. Dickens's 'Village Coquettes,' 1836—an uncut copy of a very scarce book—brought \$105. A set of first editions of George Eliot was knocked down for \$112.50. *The Dial*, 4 vols., 1841-44, brought \$96. A first edition of Hamerton's 'Etching and Etchers' went for \$35; and a third for \$28. Hawthorne's 'Grandfather's Chair,' 1841 (first edition), brought \$11.50 and the first edition of his 'Liberty Tree,' 1841, \$26. Chapman's 'Homer,' London, about 1616 (first complete edition), went for \$80. A set of first editions of Leigh Hunt was sold in one lot at \$4 per volume, the total being \$264. Irving's *Salmagundi* (Jan. 24, 1807, Jan. 25, 1808) brought \$10, a first edition of 'Knickerbocker's History,' 2 vols., 1809, \$15, and a first edition of Johnson's 'Rasselas,' 1759, \$18. An uncut copy of the rare first edition of Keats's 'Endymion,' 1818, went for \$22, and the second collection of his Poems, 1820, for \$22.50. 'Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb,' 1798, was run up to \$28, and other first editions of Lamb to the following figures: 'John Woodvil,' 1802, \$19; 'Adventures of Ulysses,' 1808, \$20; 'Elia,' 2 vols., 1833, \$52; and 'Satan in Search of a Wife,' 1831, \$21; while the poem, attributed to Lamb, 'Beauty and the Beast,' undated ('only three copies known, of which this one is the best in condition'), was knocked down for \$162.50.

The Barlow Collection

THE BARLOW collection of Americana has at last been placed on exhibition in a private room at the American Art Galleries where intending purchasers may see it, and handle at their leisure the unique and rare old volumes in their costly bindings by Hardy Matthews and Bedford, or in the original vellum covers. Efforts are being made in no less than eight States, we hear, to obtain appropriations with which to buy at the coming sale. Documents and works relating to the early history of all the original members of the Union are to be found in this collection which it would be extremely difficult or impossible to obtain elsewhere. The city of Boston has been first to recognize its importance. Besides the Americana, which we have already noticed, the sale includes Mr. Barlow's picture's, bric-à-brac, and household furniture. The pictures are mostly old; and among a great many merely curious canvases, those interested in the art of past generations will find many good examples of the English and Dutch schools, including some drawings of gypsies by Maclise and fair examples of Constable, Berghem and Smirke. Non-authenticated paintings attributed to Teniers, Murillo, and Titian must be taken for what they appear to be worth; but there can be no question of the beauty, at least, of the group of 'Children of Charles I.'—supposed to be one of the five replicas of Vandyke's painting that are known to exist. Though more definite proof of its being really by Vandyke's hand than is given in the catalogue might be desirable, neither in drawing nor in color is it unworthy of him. Mr. Barlow was an enthusiastic collector of bric-à-brac, and in this direction gave full rein to his moods, his collection of books being apparently the only one which he made for a serious purpose. Nevertheless, among the Chinese and Japanese porcelains; the faïences of Abruzzi, Faenza, and Genoa, the enamels, antique glass, silver and bronzes, there are many beautiful pieces which would not be out of place in more methodical collections. The sale takes place on Feb. 10, 11 and 12.

Balzac Portraits and Letters.

[F. Holland Day, in Boston *Evening Transcript*.]

SURELY, if physical signs are significant, fate has seemingly taken a quick vengeance for the fame wrested from her by this Frenchman; but not so completely as Mr. Edward S. Holden, in a recent *Scribner* article, seems to think, for he says, 'The only extant portrait of Balzac [a daguerreotype] was broken by the Prussians in Paris in 1870 at Charles Yriarte's,' and continues that his 'papers are scattered to the four winds.' The daguerreotype by Gavarni, it is true, was broken by the Prussians, but not before a photographic reproduction had been made of it, a copy of which is in my possession, showing the same calm face that so careful a student as Mr. Holden should have known had been twice painted by Louis Boulanger, once in oils, the size of life, and once in sepia, a miniature, both now the property of the city of Tours. Nor should he have overlooked the bust by David, the original marble cut under the artist's own hand in 1846, being the valued posses-

ision of M. Tarran; again, the Tittinati statuette, executed in Italy in 1837 or 1838, from life, should not be omitted from the most casual group of extant portraits, more than the two drawings of Giraud, taken the very day of the great man's death; and if last, by no means least, the pen-drawing in profile by d'Angers, which Balzac always carried about him with his passport, now in the unique collection (of the greatest interest to Balzac lovers) owned by the Vicomte de Lovenjoul. To this collection, without a description of it, Mr. Edgar Saltus pays a passing tribute in the opening chapter of his 'After-Dinner Stories.' Here may be found all the greater novels in the original manuscript, bound in half-leather by their author. Among them 'Séraphita,' 'the noble,' as a late Frenchman has called it, dedicated to Mme. Hanska, appears in a covering of satin, in gray lined with black; both pieces of gowns previously worn by her, one of the many touching examples of Balzac's devotion. One finds, also, with a few exceptions, all the original letters, published and unpublished, Balzac ever wrote, among them the first attempt at epistle-making, written from school at the age of ten to his mother, in which he informs her of a prize he had won in the shape of a little sheepskin-covered volume, which also reposes in one of the Vicomte's cabinets. The entire correspondence to and from Madame Carraud—one of Balzac's earliest friends—has lately become a part of the collection, the manuscripts department of which is valued at more than a ten-thousand-franc note.

These letters, which have not as yet been given to the world, are by far the most numerous, which fact will be best appreciated when you learn that the Vicomte has been engaged for the past three years in preparing them for the press, and his labors are now little more than half completed. Among the other treasures may be mentioned a unique set of blazons of imaginary arms, designed by Balzac himself, to be borne by something like fifty of his own noble characters—the set executed by a professor in the French College of Heralds. There may also be seen a large number of water-color drawings made for the remodelling of the Beaujon house, with strips of Spanish leather and heavy silk, to be used in wall decorations; also a copy of the very rare Tittinati statuette, and a cast in plaster, made from life, of Balzac's hand; several locks of his hair braided into ornaments for his wife, besides a very nearly complete collection of the engraved portraits, among them one of Eve de Balzac, a lithograph now of extreme rarity, and a life-size portrait in oils of Balzac, Sr. Among the manuscripts there is one more that should be especially mentioned—that of 'Cromwell,' a tragedy, produced in 1820, and even now widely supposed to have been lost.

Current Criticism

WHAT IS THE CLASSIC?—It takes time to make any writer a classic. Call no writer 'happy' in this respect until a second generation at least shall have confirmed the verdict of the first! and when changed times and fashions have yet agreed that this or that writer deserves the name of a classic, then it is for individual likings and dislikings to bow to the opinion of the larger public. A series of generations is wiser than any single generation. Of course no teacher of literature can make his student ultimately like any particular author. You can take a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. You may lead your pupils to the refreshing streams of Wordsworth and they may sip and turn away. You may lead them to Crabbe, 'Nature's sternest painter,' and they may refuse even to moisten their lips. But the teacher may at least give his students a fair chance and opportunity to learn what it is in these writers that has made men admire and love them; he may warn them that any writer of individuality has a claim upon some patience and some modesty in those who approach him as readers and critics; that he cannot be judged or understood or loved in an hour or a day. The teacher may do good service by pointing out that if some of the noblest and profoundest thinkers of this century have confessed that they owe more wisdom and happiness to the poetry of Wordsworth than they can ever acknowledge, a young critic should never think that the last word on the subject is spoken when he has quoted the opening lines of the amusing parody in the 'Rejected Addresses.'—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

PHOTOGRAPHY NOT AN ART.—Since I have had anything to do with photography I have fought hard against the affectation, for such it seems to me, of the photographer calling himself an 'artist,' and of talking of photography as if it were one of the arts of design. I have taken part in many discussions on the subject and have been considered as a Marfeast by the devotees of the camera, who on the strength of 'their ability to make pictures, and because artists make pictures, insist on calling themselves 'photographic artists'

with the following logic: art produces pictures; photography produces pictures; therefore photography is art. . . . Honor to be rendered to a photographer should be given for the good workmanship, as it was given to painters in the days when painters were really great artists compared with any and all of to-day. I would do everything I could to discredit the admiration of what is called artistic photography, especially the imitation of old pictures, which is mere trickery and child's play and generally done by poor photographers; and I have great contempt for that weakness of human nature which is always inducing men to get out of the sphere they are fitted for and to be ashamed of any business for which they are educated, so long as it is an honest and useful business. I consider a piece of first-rate photography far more creditable to the man who did it than an indifferent picture would be, and I think that a man who gives us a good photograph of a great man of our time has done a thing to be more proud of than to have painted a tolerable picture. As photography is not art, it is a sign of weakness to be ambitious of the possession of a name which is not appropriate, but it is a weakness which only brings ridicule in the eyes of the world on those who are possessed by it; where it does harm is when photographers raise a false standard of excellence in their work and lead the public to judge the craft by that instead of the true one. When I see on the sign of a photographer 'Photographic Artist,' I make up my mind at once that the man is not an artist and is a poor photographer.—*W. J. Stillman, in The Photographic Times*.

Notes

THE most interesting bit of 'trade' news is that the well-known publishing house of Cassell & Co., Limited, of London, has transferred its American business to a newly organized firm to be known as The Cassell Publishing Company. The new Company has for its president Mr. O. M. Dunham, who for fourteen years has been manager of the American branch of Cassell & Co. Mr. Dunham is one of the most enterprising and popular men in the publishing business, and the new firm is to be congratulated upon his continuance in control. The Cassell Publishing Co. will be the agent of the London house, but the new concern is entirely American and will consequently make a leading feature of American books, of which it will soon have a notable list to announce.

—Owing to the head winds the Atlantic steamers have had to face recently, our London Letter did not reach us in season for this week's paper.

—Mrs. Jefferson Davis hopes to complete the biography of her late husband in season to sail for Europe in May. Miss Varina Davis, whom she is to join on the other side, has been left executrix of the autobiography of a statesman and diplomatist, covering forty years, and promising to be of deep interest. Whose it is, we are not informed.

—The latest story by Prof. Ebers, the archæological novelist, is entitled 'Joshua,' and its historic background is furnished by Biblical incidents.

—Darwin's 'Voyage Round the World' is announced by D. Appleton & Co. The illustrations of the new edition are chiefly from sketches taken on the spot by R. J. Pritchett. The same house will issue 'Five Thousand Miles in a Sledge,' a mid winter journey across Siberia, by Lionel F. Gowing; 'Exercises in Wood-Working,' by Dr. Ivin Sickles; 'Hygiene for Childhood,' by Dr. Francis H. Rankin; and 'Evolution of Man and Christianity,' by the Rev. Howard MacQueary.

—John Wiley & Sons announce 'A Technical Dictionary,' defining the terms of art and industry, by Park Benjamin, and 'Dame Wiggins of Lee,' edited by Ruskin, with new illustrations by Kate Greenaway.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn will sail for Europe early in February. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has returned from her journey to the Pacific Coast, and is now at her Beacon Street home in Boston. Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke has been very ill in Pittsfield, Mass., with acute bronchitis, but is slowly improving.

—Of Mrs. Cooke's 'Stedfast' *The Athenæum* speaks as follows:—"Stedfast" is a fine story of New England life in the later Colony days—fine because it is just as faithful to the permanent and universal characteristics of humanity as it is to the features of the time and place in which its incidents are set.

—Of the late M. Salicis, who died in Paris on Dec. 1, at the age of seventy, after devoting fifteen years to the introduction of manual training in the schools of France, Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler says:—"No one has more ably and persistently urged the cause of that education, sometimes called new, which is based entirely upon a study of the nature and capacities of the child. Not in

France only; nor even in Europe alone, was M. Salicis known: the upholders of the argument for a natural education and manual training in England and the United States gladly recognized in him an inspiring leader and friend.

—*Harper's Weekly* will celebrate the Judiciary Centennial by publishing, on Feb. 8, portraits of the present Judges of the Supreme Court and of all the predecessors of Chief Justice Fuller. Elihu Root will contribute the accompanying article. 'The Calico Pony,' a story of semi-civilized Indian life in Dakota, will be contributed by Elaine Goodale to the next number of the *Young People*.

—The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* thinks Mr. Warner's 'Little Journey in the World' the first successful story of 'metropolitan plutocracy,' and that it entitles the author 'to take high rank among American novelists.'

—The Duc de Broglie has become joint possessor, with a Parisian notary, of the memoirs of Talleyrand. 'The surviving members of the Prince's family are indignant,' says the London *World*, 'because M. Paul Andral, the trustee of the manuscript, has by his will excluded them from the task of publishing these memoirs, or at least of associating them with his literary executor in the discharge of this pious duty.'

—The *Revue Bleue* announces 'Stanley au Secours d'Emin-Pacha,' edited by A. Wauters and published by the Maison Quantin.

—Messrs. Lippincott will publish immediately 'Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition,' compiled from Stanley's letters to the president of the society which was mainly instrumental in sending him on the journey. The book contains about 400 pages, together with numerous illustrations and maps. Capt. King's new book, 'Starlight Ranch, and Other Stories,' will also be ready soon.

—Mr. D. G. Francis, who has been so long in Astor Place, issues, preparatory to removal, a 'roughly classified' 'clearance catalogue' containing 2652 titles of standard, rare and miscellaneous books.

—Prof. A. de Rougemont, Principal of Chautauqua's French Department and editor of that valuable little book 'La France,' sets forth in the December *Journal of Pedagogy* his views on the status of modern languages in our schools. He argues that in Germany and France there is an abundance of well-trained foreigners engaged in teaching their respective tongues, while here such work is commonly entrusted to imperfectly equipped instructors of native birth.

—A London gossip narrates the following story to illustrate Lord Tennyson's 'peculiar manners in society.'

In his early days, when he had no greater horror than that of being lionized, a great lady wished to introduce to the Laureate a musician who had set some of his songs to music. A party was given for the occasion. The Laureate appeared, and the musician sang his songs to him with every power of expression that he knew how to produce. At the end of the performance everybody waited the word of the poet. There was a blank silence. The hostess feared that the songs had not produced a good impression. The silence became agonizing. At length, from the corner where Tennyson sat came a voice, choking with emotion: 'Do you not see that I am weeping?'

—Dr. Charles Mackay left behind him a quantity of unpublished MS., most of it quite recently written. It includes a novel, 'For Love's own Sake'; 'Old English Rhymes made New: A Handbook for Poets and Versifiers of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries'; 'Phœnician Origin of the Grecian Mythology'; 'Stonehenge and Druidism'; 'Walks and Talks among the People'; and a number of poems dating up to the latest day he was able to hold a pen.

—Mr. S. S. McClure, the newspaper syndicate manager, announces prizes amounting to \$2,250 for stories, poems, etc., suitable for use in his youth's department, edited by Mrs. Burnett.

—Walt Whitman is quoted in the *Times* as saying:

I am jogging along in the old pathway and my old manner, able to be wheeled about some days and in rainy weather content to stay shut up in my den, where I have society enough in my books and in the daily communication I carry on, chiefly by letters, with the outside world. . . . If I live till the 31st day of next May, I shall be seventy-one years old. I have been invited to deliver my essay or lecture or whatever you may be pleased to call it, on Abraham Lincoln in New York City the 14th of next April, but I have folded my tent as a public speaker, and must be content in going slow, for it is only along plain roads and not across lots that I can travel the rest of my pilgrimage. . . . John Burroughs is my oldest literary friend now living. Of the rest I can say, 'Some they are married, some they are dead,' but Burroughs is the one man left among my old literary companions whose muscular geniality and good fellowship are among the few things in life that never tire.

—The journalist-author, Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, the husband of Minnie Hauk, has published a two-volume work on Mexico, entitled 'Reisen von Sonora bis Hucatan.'

—Some one who is familiar with the study of President Dwight of Yale, in his house in College Street, New Haven, thus describes it:

In the centre of the room stands the big, flat, black-walnut desk upon which the illustrious scholar has penned all the important addresses and sermons he has ever delivered. This desk is generally covered with books and papers arranged in the most perfect order. No one ever found President Dwight's study in disorder. Every book and paper seems to know its place, or at least nothing ever gets out of place. The four walls of the study support bookcases reaching to the ceiling, and each case is loaded to its utmost capacity with books, many of which are very valuable. An open fireplace finished with old-fashioned fixtures, once the property of the grandfather of the President, and a big leather-covered lounge, complete the furniture of the room, a few chairs of antique pattern excepted.

—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel announces six lectures on Richard Wagner and his Lyric Dramas, to be given at Steinway Hall, beginning on Feb. 5, and to be continued on Wednesday afternoons following, at 3 P. M.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1515.—In the very interesting reminiscences of Mr. James Hogg in the February *Harper's* (page 456) the following passage occurs:

When the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' reached Liverpool, he, so to speak, flung in his traps, announced himself to the staff, and looked over the office. But before settling down to work he started on a visit to De Quincey. The two men appear to have had much in common, for De Quincey on many occasions expressed to me the great pleasure he had derived from the acquaintance thus commenced.

In 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife' (Vol. II., p. 6) his son says: 'So far as I am aware, Mr. Hawthorne never happened to meet either De Quincey himself or any of his family.' Can you tell me which is correct, or give this sufficient publicity to call out any existing information that may throw light on the subject. Surely such a meeting would have been recorded in the 'Note-Books.'

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

H. H. B. M.

ANSWERS

1512.—The twenty-fifth stanza of George Herbert's 'The Church-Porch' probably is referred to. It reads:

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Solute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear,
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

BROOKLYN.

F. P. W.

['P. C. M. M.' of New York, 'E. S. G.' of Norwich, Conn., and 'S. M. D.' of Philadelphia, answer the same question.]

1514.—A sketch of the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd can be found in 'Memories of the Time,' published by George Routledge & Sons.

NEW YORK.

L. E. J.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Adams, W. D. Rambles in Book-Land. \$1.25.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Eschines Against Ctesiphon. Ed. by R. B. Richardson. \$1.50.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Blackmore, K. D. Kit and Kitty. \$1.50.	Harper & Bros.
Black, W. Prince Fortunatus. \$1.50.	Harper & Bros.
Burge, L. Origin and Formation of the Hebrew Scriptures. \$1.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Burns, R. The Cotter's Saturday Night. Set to Music by A. C. Mackenzie. 25c.	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Crosby, Howard. The Good and Evil of Calvinism. 10c.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Comegys, E. B. Advice to Men and Boys. \$1.75.	Phila.: Gebbie & Co.
De Quincey, Thomas. Collected Writings. Ed. by D. Masson.	Vol. III. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Drummond, H. Tropical Africa.	John B. Alden.
Eaton, Seymour. New Arithmetic. 75c.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Edmonds, Mrs. Rhigas Pheraios. \$1.25.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Ford, P. L. Franklin Bibliography. \$5.	Brooklyn: Paul L. Ford.
Godley, A. D. Histories of Tacitus. Books III., IV. and V. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Howells, W. D. A Hazard of New Fortunes. 2 vols. \$2.	Harper & Bros.
Humphreys, Jennett. Laugh and Learn. \$1.25.	Scribner & Welford.
King, C. F. Geographical Reader. Part I. 10c.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
McCarthy, Justin. The Four Georges. Vol. II. \$1.25.	Harper & Bros.
Nicoll, W. R. James Macdonell. \$2.	London: Hodder & Stoughton.
Peabody, A. P. Fires in American Cities.	Boston: Damrell & Upham.
Pierson, A. T. The One Gospel. 75c.	Baker & Taylor Co.
Pliny's Letters. Ed. by James Cowan. Books I. and II. \$1.10.	Macmillan & Co.
Quackenbos, John D. Ancient Literature. \$1.50.	Harper & Bros.
Rockwood, C. W. A Saratoga Romance. 50c.	Funk & Wagnalls.
Stephen, Leslie. The Dictionary of National Biography. Vols. VII.-XXI.	\$3.75 per vol. Macmillan & Co.
Tincker, M. A. Aurora. 25c.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Young, Charles A. Elements of Astronomy. \$1.40.	Boston: Ginn & Co.